

# THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,  
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. 1.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY JUNE 27, 1812.

[NO. 8

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

(Continued.)

### CHAPTER VI.

Women often think they are in love, when they are not; the amusement of an intrigue, the emotion of mind produced by gallantry, their natural bent to the pleasure of being beloved, and their unwillingness to deny, all these make them imagine they have love, when, in fact, they have only coquetry.

*Roche-foucault.*

THIS maxim, however it may seem to militate against the honour and delicacy of the sex, is but too lamentably verified in the conduct of many, and our heroine afforded a fresh example of the justice of the observation. The pleasing manners, and the unceasing assiduities of Courtney, made a deeper impression on the heart of Cornelia than she dared to acknowledge, even to herself; and while, through a sense of propriety, she struggled against the impression, it acquired additional power in her inexperienced mind; the more she reflected that reason and duty required she should be constant to Sidney, the more she felt that inclination led her feelings into an opposite course; and in proportion to the envy evidently excited in the breasts of her female acquaintance, rose her secret pleasure on the important conquest she had made: fancy drew unpleasant comparisons between her two lovers. Sidney was handsome she allowed, but he wanted animation—his figure was well formed, yet it required the polish of fashion—he was sensible, but he was reserved—he was well educated, but a perfect novice in the modern flippancies of the day. Courtney had but to be seen an hour to be admired—Sidney must be known years, to be beloved—Courtney was ardent—Sidney tender and respectful. Thus stood the balance, and it is not difficult to imagine which preponderated.

Cornelia had now all the romantic delight of imagining herself miserable; though her lips gave no encouragement to the presumptuous Courtney, her too expressive eyes gave sufficient intelligence of his power—they beamed pleasure at his approach—they sparkled when she was the object of his praise, or were cast dejectedly down, when he was not expected to enliven the party with his presence; every body perceived this change, and Lady Virginia, whose unworthiness had lately been apparent to the eyes of Agincourt, being now left by that gentleman to wear the willow, her jealousy soon effected what prudence or reason would have been found incompetent to perform. She knew that however weak and volatile, Cornelia possessed the nicest feelings, and that a known libertine would be her abhorrence: the adventure of Cornelia at the cottage afforded an excellent subject upon which this subtle intriguer could found her plot and particular circumstances soon enabled her to succeed even

beyond her expectation. Running eagerly one morning to Cornelia, she exclaimed, "My dear creature, I have been doing a very rude thing; but, when you know the wonderful discovery I have thereby made, I think you will excuse me."

"There is nothing wonderful in your doing a rude thing, Morney," said Lady Clerville; "but I own it is very astonishing to hear you apologise for it."—"That is an ill-natured speech, however," returned Lady Virginia, biting her lip, and affecting pleasantry: "but some people are thought worse of than they deserve, while the greatest favourites are perhaps most unworthy."

"Do not speak in parables, Lady Virginia," said Cornelia; you prepared me for a surprising discovery, and now seem inclined to amuse me with a few musty maxims."—"If you will both promise faithfully to keep the secret, I will indeed impart something that will astonish you both; but I must have a solemn promise!"—"I promise, upon my honour," cried Lady Clerville, incautiously.—"But, perhaps it may be wrong!" observed Cornelia. "Oh, if you doubt me, my secret is my own," rejoined Lady Virginia; "yet, I assure you, Miss Hollingsby, it concerns you more than any one."—"You do indeed surprise me," cried Cornelia; "well then, I give you my promise."—"On faith and honour?"—"Even so, on faith and honour."

"Well then, you shall hear," resumed Lady Virginia, delighted with the success of her stratagem. "Your interesting account of the unfortunate cottager excited such a degree of curiosity in me, that I determined to pay her a visit, unknown to you; by way of apology, I purchased a very fine pine apple, and knowing that your engagements kept you away all day, I took the liberty of saying that you was indisposed, and had sent me with that little offering, to prove that your neglect was not intentional. The good lady received me with vast civility, and conducted me to an inner apartment, where the invalid was sitting; she was more tranquil than I expected, and seemed diverted by the tricks I played with the child. I had not been there above a quarter of an hour, when the girl came hastily into the room, and beckoned her mistress, who obeying the summons, immediately exclaimed, (for I could hear every word through the partition,) "Bless me, sir, is it you; why did not you come in?"—"You have some one with you," said he, in a low voice: "How is Julianna and my sweet boy?"—"The child is well," replied Mrs. Howell; "and his mother in a fair way. Will you see them?"—"Not now, not now," cried he, hastily; "I will call to-morrow evening about eight o'clock. I trust they want for nothing."—"You may rely on that," said Mrs. Howell; but why this hasty visit?"—"It is for a most important purpose, my dear madam," he returned.—"You have had a young lady here, she is much interested in the fate of poor Julianna, and I feared you would not have sufficient caution to keep our secret; believe me, it is of the ut-

most importance to me that Miss Hollingsby should know nothing of this unfortunate connection: as you value my welfare and piece of mind, be faithful to the trust reposed in you."—"Your doubts do me great injustice, sir," replied Mrs. Howell, seriously; "my promise to my husband I hold sacred; whatever the particular circumstances of your situation may be, or your reasons for this secrecy, I hold my faith inviolably."—"Enough," said the gentleman; I rest assured of your integrity, and will see you all again to-morrow, at the time I mentioned; till then, God bless you!" With these words he quitted the house, but not till I was perfectly assured, by his voice and the glimpse I caught of his person, as he passed the garden railing, that it was Courtney."

Cornelia, taken by surprise, turned pale as death; her cold icy hand rested on that of Lady Clerville, who inexpressibly alarmed, cried, in a resentful tone, "for shame, Lady Virginia; how could you be so abrupt?"—"Upon my word," cried Lady Virginia, I had not the most distant idea it would affect Miss Hollingsby in this extraordinary way; or, at least, I imagined she had figured long enough in the gay world to get over all those romantic sensibilities."—"It is nothing," said Cornelia, much vexed that her emotion should have been betrayed before such a witness; "it is nothing, I assure you; my nerves are very weak, and any sudden surprise affects me strangely."—"Strangely indeed," retorted her persecutor, with a sneer; "perhaps you doubt what I have advanced; if you do, you have only to pay a visit to the amiable incognita, at eight o'clock to-morrow night, and you may satisfy yourself."—"I require no such satisfaction," said the indignant Cornelia; "Mr. Courtney's affairs cannot in any way concern me."—"But, my dear," observed Lady Clerville, "Morney imagines that no daughter of Eve can resist that urgent tempter, curiosity."—"Lady Virginia may for once mistake," Cornelia replied. Lady Virginia hummed an air, but, in her own mind, felt perfectly assured that her conjecture was well founded, and planned her measures accordingly.

The next morning Courtney called in, and offered to accompany them on a promenade. Cornelia treated him with some degree of coldness, though she was fearful of betraying all the displeasure she felt, lest she should further subject herself to the mischievous sarcasms of Lady Virginia. During their walk, Lady Clerville invited him to pass the next evening at her house: "Come early," said she "for we shall be quite domestic."—"I am very sorry, dear Lady Clerville," replied Courtney, "that I cannot avail myself of your kind invitation; but I have a very particular engagement at eight o'clock, which I would not break, even for the delight I ever experience in your society."—"Gallantly spoken, however," cried Lady Clerville; "and almost a compensation for the loss of your company. But what wonderful affair calls you from us at this critical moment? do not you recollect that Miss Hollingsby



leaves us the day after to-morrow, and you may not have the opportunity of such an agreeable evening?"—"Some affair of gallantry, no doubt," said Lady Virginia; "you ought to know Courtney."—"Whatever it may be," said Courtney, looking significantly at Cornelia, who changed colour several times; "I trust Miss Hollingsby will excuse me."—"I am the last person to whom you can have occasion to make an apology, sir," said Cornelia. Courtney seized her hand, "*Vous avez raison.*" Cornelia was too much embarrassed by the action to notice that the words were not quite applicable, and they separated.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### A DESCANT ON BEAUTY.

I believe it is admitted, and indeed no person will deny, that Beauty is ever sure of attraction; nor do we at first discover the imperfections it hides, which is to be attributed to its great magnetic power, till the eye recovers from the trance it has occasioned: therefore it may be compared to a richly-colored picture, which at first sight vanquishes, but upon discovering its faults we turn from it with disgust. Maria had just entered into her sixteenth year, when the loves played around her budding beauties, and sipped the honey from her virgin sweets; it was then that she became the talk and admiration of the opposite sex: some admired the symmetry of her shape, while others extolled the beauty and uniformity of her face; but the beauty of her mind was not once the subject of conversation, as that virtue (if she possessed it) was lost in the comet of her person.

Among the satellites that attended this terrestrial planet was Eugenio, a youth of gallantry, and an accomplished master in the science of seduction: in possession of such qualifications, it may be easily imagined, that the victory was not difficult to achieve. He would assume an air of simplicity in her presence, and tell his tale of love with that fervour, as to prevail upon her to believe that his passion was not feigned, and that she had at last thrown in her arrow with effect; but her's was not steeped in poison—no, that was to come from Eugenio. He had felt the pulse of his patient, and, like a skillful doctor, administered accordingly. Heedless of her danger, and confident within herself that she was superior to the arts of man, and that she knew delusion in every form, while in the mean time the vows and caresses of her paramour were deeply rooting in her unsuspecting bosom, the symptom of love, at last, made its appearance; the disease was violent, the opportunity was arrived, and the victim was sure. The rising of the sun is frequently hailed as the promise of a beautiful day; but how often is it rendered otherwise by the horizon being overcast! That sun which shone upon Maria's opening bloom, alas! was transient; the cloud of sorrow spread its veil over a face that was once cheerful and serene; for the serpent had envenomed the rose, and left it faded and a disgusting weed.

Could vanity be but separated from beauty, then would the arts of the seducer have no avail, for it is that alone that hurries her imperceptibly into ruin; it is that which makes her odious in the eyes of every person who admire the beauty of the mind more than of the person; but when combined together, and vanity no share, then is a woman one of the brightest ornaments of her country.

#### REMARKS UPON NOTHING.

IN spite of the wit with which the eyes of your fair readers generally inspire us, we cannot deny, that upon some occasions, we are afflicted with such a degree of mental sterility as to be utterly incapable of producing any thing at all smart or entertaining. What must we say under such circumstances? *Nothing*, reply your fair readers. That is precisely what we have now resolved to do. But you will say, *Nothing* is a very insignificant subject. Is this really your opinion? For our part, on the contrary, we believe that *Nothing* is at present every thing. May not the greatest part of the voluminous romances, which consume so much paper, and stuff the shelves of so many libraries, be very fairly reduced to *Nothing*? Are they not sold, or at least are they not read for *Nothing*? What is obtained from reading them? Literally *Nothing*. How many people are there now-a-days, who, though originally *Nothing*, have, after being for a moment something, again relapsed into *Nothing*? What is there, in most cases, in those pretty heads which not unfrequently turn ours?—*Nothing*. The young Olympe pleads for a divorce from the old Geronte, to whom she was married last year. What is it he has been doing during the last year of their marriage?—*Nothing*. Can you conceive any thing more witty and spirited than Mr. Sheridan's comedies, or more dull and insipid than the monstrous farces of Kotzebue?—*Nothing*. Is there any thing more unhappy than the lot of an unfortunate stock-jobber, more unfeeling than the heart of a rich miser, more light than the vows of a lover, more dull than the verses of Small P—s? Still the answer is, *Nothing*. You see then that *Nothing* is every thing, and even above every thing, for what is wanting to what is every thing? But *Nothing* has no where so great an influence as over the fair sex. They know how to please with *Nothing*. With *Nothing* they play off all their attractions. A *Nothing* vexes and consoles them; a *Nothing* puts them out of humour, and the same *Nothing* restores them to cheerfulness. A *Nothing* gives them the vapours, and in its turn affords them pleasure and amusement. But I will not longer trespass on your patience with *Nothing*; and therefore I shall here close my remarks on *Nothing*.

BACHELOR.

#### LOVERS, ATTENTION!

*Telegraph.*—If a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if he be engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and on the fourth, if he never intends to be married. When a lady is disengaged, she wears a hoop or diamond on the first finger; if married on the third; and on the fourth, if she intends to die a maid. When a gentleman presents a flower, a fan or a trinket to a lady with his left hand, it is, on his part, an overture of regard; should she receive it with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem; but if with the right hand, it is a refusal of the offer. Thus by a few simple tokens explained by rule, the passion of Love is expressed; and, through the medium of the Telegraph, the most diffident and timid man may, without difficulty, communicate his sentiments of regard for a lady; and (in case his offer should be declined) avoid experiencing the mortification of an explicit refusal.

#### FEMALE HEROISM.

SOMETIME ago, there lived at Vienna a German Count, who had long entertained a secret amour with a young lady of considerable fortune. After a correspondence of gallantries, which lasted two or three years, the father of the young Count, whose family was reduced to a low condition, found out a very advantageous match for him, and made his son sensible that he ought in common prudence to close with it. The Count, upon the first opportunity, acquainted his mistress very fairly with what had passed, and laid the whole matter before her with such freedom and openness of heart, that she seemingly consented to it; she only desired of him that they might have one meeting before they parted for ever.

The place appointed for this meeting was a grove, which stands at a little distance from the town. They conversed together in this place for some time, when on a sudden the lady pulled out a pistol, and shot her lover in the heart, so that he fell down at her feet. She then returned to her father's house, telling every one she met what she had done. Her friends, upon hearing her story, would have found out means for her escape, but she told them she had killed her dear Count, because she could not live without him, and that for the same reason she was resolved to follow him by whatever way justice should determine. She was no sooner seized, but she avowed her guilt, rejected all excuses that were made in her favour, and begged that her execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her head cut off; and was apprehensive of nothing but that the interest of her friends would obtain pardon for her. When the confessor approached her, she asked him where he thought the soul of her dear Count was? He replied, that his case was very dangerous, considering the circumstance in which he died. Upon this, so desperate was her phrenzy, that she bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same place where the Count was. The priest was forced to give her better hopes of the deceased (for a consideration that he was upon breaking off so criminal a commerce, and leading a new life) before he could bring her mind to a temper fit for one who was so near her end.

Upon the day of her execution, she dressed herself in all her ornaments, and walked towards the scaffold more like an expecting bride, than a condemned criminal. She was placed in a chair, according to the custom of that place; where, after having stretched out her neck with an air of joy, she called upon the name of the Count, which was the signal appointed for the executioner, who with a single blow of his sword, severed her head from her body.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

"No blessing of life is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend; it eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life."

#### ATTAINMENTS.

Solid and useful attainments are preferable to those which are less necessary, and which adorn rather than support life.



## CANCERS CURED.

We copy the following article from an Edinburgh publication. (Philad. Repository.)

"WHILE I was at Smyrna, says the writer, there was a girl afflicted with a cancer in her lip, and the gum was affected. The European physicians consulted on the measures to be taken, and agreed that they saw no other method than excision; in a word, that it must be cut out; and the girl had already submitted herself to that decision. By an accident of that nature, which men cannot account for, an old Armenian came to them just in time to prevent the application of the knife. "Do nothing," said the Armenian, I will cure her; and when he had pledged himself strongly, the physicians consented. He procured a copper vessel, newly tinned in the inside (an essential circumstance) and having poured a certain quantity of olive oil into it, he made it boil, over a small fire, sufficient to keep it gently agitated, and so for three times in twenty-four hours. With this, the oil resolved itself into the consistency of an ointment, with which by constantly rubbing the part affected, he cured her in fourteen days. Nothing else was done.

The physicians suppose, that the oil received its virtue from the tin, and that it was communicated by its long boiling over the fire.

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1812.

## WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

The long discussions, which were had in both houses of Congress, with closed doors, have at length terminated in the passing of a law declaring WAR between the United States and Great-Britain. The law passed the 17th inst. received the President's signature the 18th, was proclaimed at Washington the 19th, and noticed, in public Orders, by Gen. Bloomfield in this city, on the 20th.

Immediately on the notification of war, Commodore Rodgers, having under his command the frigates President, Congress, and United States, with the sloops of war Hornet and Argus, proceeded to sea—in search of the British frigate and Tartarus sloop of war; which were but the day before seen off Sandy-Hook; however, it is now probable they have escaped to the eastward.

The latest account of our squadron state, that commodore Rodgers, having received information of the British homeward bound West-India fleet, of 110 merchantment, under convoy of the Thalia frigate and an 18 gun brig of war, having been seen in lat. 36, 30, and long. 67, immediately shaped his course for them under a press of sail.

"Capt. Lester of the brig Indian Chief from Madeira, further informs us, that the Jamaica fleet was conveyed by a frigate of 28 guns and the Reindeer brig of 18. One of the ships was in tow of the frigate, which had lost her foremast in a squall, the morning she fell in with them. Several other ships were also disabled in the same squall. A few ships bound to Halifax left the fleet a few days before, and two for New-York. The frigate had 40 men on the sick list, among the sick was the surgeon.

"When capt. L. spoke commodore Rodgers (which was at half past 3 in the morning of Tuesday) he was steering N. E. Sandy Hook W. N. W. 32 leagues distant; and when informed of the Jamaica fleet altered his course to E. N. E. under a press of sail and a fair wind.

"We have seen a Gentleman who arrived here in the brig Undaunted, from Jamaica, and who sailed in the fleet that Commodore Rodgers was left in pursuit of on Tuesday morning. This gentleman informs us, that the whole fleet, on their departure from Jamaica, con-

sisted of 110 sail, including 5 or 6 American vessels. They were under convoy of the Thalia Frigate, of 38 guns, Capt. Vashon, the sloop of war Reindeer, of 18 guns, and another small sloop of 14 guns, whose name our informant does not recollect. About 20 of the fleet mounted 20 guns, and were manned with from 30 to 40 men each. From their tedious sailing, and from one of the large ships being disabled and in tow of the Thalia, it is supposed Commodore Rogers must have come up with them in 48 hours after speaking the Indian Chief. This being the case we may soon expect interesting particulars of his success. It will be recollected, that the Commodore has with him, the frigates President, Congress, and United States, and the sloops Hornet and Argus." [Gazette.]

Mr. Foster, the British minister, being formally acquainted with the declaration of war, demanded his passport, and received the same; and has, by permission of government, chartered a vessel to proceed from Philadelphia to Halifax and England. It is said the British consuls will be permitted to remain in the United States, six months, if they should wish it.

Preparations and arrangements for carrying on a war, offensive and defensive, are rapidly progressing. Bills for repealing the embargo law; partially suspending the non-intercourse law; and concerning letters of marque, prizes, and prize-courts, are before the House of Representatives at Washington, and would it is supposed, pass into laws. A resolution was also offered for an adjournment on the 25th inst.

A bill laying additional duties on imports and tonnage was also in progress: this purposes to encrease the impost duties 100 per cent: the produce would, according to the report of the secretary of the treasury, supercede the necessity of levying the formerly proposed war taxes.

Telegraphs are erecting between the High Lands in New-Jersey and our navy yard.

The Legislature of this state adjourned on the 19th inst. having previously recommended that the last Thursday in July be observed as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer.

On Thursday last Mr. F. Lewis, secretary to G. W. Erving Esq. special Minister at the Court of Denmark, passed through this city for Washington, with dispatches for Government.

Mr. Lewis was a passenger in the ship Egeria, which vessel was lately captured by the British, and on her way to Halifax, was lost on a reef of rocks. Mr. Lewis, preserved his dispatches at the imminent danger of losing his life.

The British, it is said, are making great military preparations to resist any attempt that may be made against Canada by the armies of the United States: but their naval force on the Halifax station, is stated in Steele's London list, for Feb. last, to consist of but one ship of the line, two receiving ships, four frigates, nine sloops of war, and seven armed schooners.

We have various accounts of the most barbarous and cruel murders committed on the frontier inhabitants by some of the Indian tribes; it may however be hoped that the respectable military force which shortly will be presented to them, will either prove their destruction or secure their neutrality.

By the latest accounts from England, committees of both houses of parliament were sitting, charged with an inquiry into the merits of the many petitions presented in favor of a repeal or modification of the Orders in Council; and an opinion seemed to prevail that they would be rescinded, as far at least, as respected the United States. No appointment of a successor to Mr. Percival had been made by our latest accounts. Parliament had granted 50,000l. sterling for the support of his family, and 2,000l. annually to his widow. The riots had nearly subsided, but dissatisfaction at the measures of the government evidently continued.

An Imperial Ukase, dated at St. Petersburg, 16th of March, requiring "in consideration of the present situation of Europe" the adoption of Firm and Strong Measures, and the raising of two recruits from each 500 men in the empire. This is pretty generally considered tantamount to a declaration of war against France. The London Times states positively that Bonaparte has left Paris, in order to take the command of his armies in the North of Europe; and all accounts concur in such a state of preparation for war, between Russia and France, as leaves little doubt but that we shall soon hear of a dreadful conflict between the numerous armies of the two great potentates.

There have been alarming commotions at Marseilles and other parts of France; principally on account of the great scarcity of provisions.

By the brig Pocohontas from Cadiz, it is reported, that it was expected the French armies would evacu-

ate St. Lucar and its neighbourhood, in consequence of the scarcity of provisions, as they were in distress, and the means of supply cut off by the Spaniards. On the 21st of March a large detachment of the French army surprized the Junta of Burgos, and took the vice-president, the speaker, the intendant and treasurer, with all the papers, and cash to the amount of 10,000 dollars: after which, these unfortunate patriots were cruelly put to death by the French at Loira, on the 2d of April. Some officers of the Junta that escaped retired to the mountains, where they re-organized themselves.

## Nuptial.

"Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
We, who improve his golden hours,  
By sweet experience know,  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good,  
A paradise below."

## MARRIED,

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, James Charters, Esq. to Miss Phoebe Ireland, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. John Smith Crary, of the house of E. & J. S. Crary, to Miss Henrietta Havens, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Jacob L. Low, to Miss Margaret Barnes, of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Burk, Mr. Joseph Brown, Jun. to Miss Maria Bogert.

## Obituary.

"Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine  
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars:  
The Sun himself by thy permission shines;  
And one day thou shalt pluck him from his sphere."

## DIED,

In this city. Mr. Adolph Carter, boat-builder, in the 43d year of his age.

On Thursday, Mrs. Agnes Little, wife of Mr. Jonathan Little, aged 41 years.

At Hudson, on his way to Labanon Springs for the benefit of his health, Mr. Ezra Sargeant, a respectable bookseller of this city.

At Ballstown Springs, on the 21st inst. David Green, Esq.

At Boston, on Friday last, of an apoplectic fit, Mrs. Mary Andrews, widow of the late Mr. William Andrews, Bookseller.

From the Newark Centinel, June 23. 1812

## Awful and afflicting Providence.

IT is our most painful duty to announce the death of Mrs. Sarah Cumming, consort of the Rev. Cooper Cumming of this town. On the last Sabbath, Mr. Cumming was appointed to preach at Patterson, to supply a vacant congregation. Mrs. C. accompanied him. On the morning following, (yesterday) as was very natural, Mr. and Mrs. C. went to view the Falls. We understand, that after ascending the precipice on the north-west side of the bason, and whilst viewing and conversing about the majestic works of nature, Mr. C's face was for a moment, turned from his amiable consort, —when, in an instant, awful to relate—she was gone! —She had fallen down the awful precipice! —Her body was lodged in the watery gulph below—and her spirit fled to God its Maker! —Imagination cannot conceive, or pen record the horrors of the scene.—Ah how transitory is human life! —What a warning have we in this alarming Providence, to be always ready for death. —In the midst of youth—in the midst of health—in company with her beloved and tender husband—and endeared to a great number of friends and acquaintance, is this amiable woman called from time to eternity. How awfully true it is, "that in the midst of life we are in death!"

The City Inspector reports the death of 42 persons from the 13th to the 20th of June.



## Death of the Muses.

The man that hath not music in himself,  
And is not mov'd by concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils—"

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

### AIR CASTLES.

In musing upon things to come,  
The mind, in frolic light as air,  
Delights through fancy's fields to run,  
And build fair castles in the air.

The future, to our youthful sight,  
Is decked with green so fair,  
And Hope, with golden rays so bright,  
Illumes his castle in the air.

His fervent eyes enraptured views,  
A maid most "passing fair,"  
Then for her hand he quickly sues,  
To grace his castle in the air.

A garden fair, with shrubs and flowers,  
All gayly ranged with care,  
Which shed around their fragrant powers,  
His fair built castle in the air.

And through the spacious mansion wide,  
Joy reigns forever there,  
The hours with oily smoothness glide,  
Grief flies the castle in the air.

With sweets entranced so profound,  
Excluded is all care,  
Bright pleasure's magic-light surrounds,  
And gilds his castle in the air.

Ah! wake, vain youth from fever'd dreams,  
Nor thus your peace impair,  
For while you sleep, grief's light'ning gleams,  
And blasts your castle in the air.

KELAN.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

.....  
Mr. Editor, The writer, who offers you the following lines for insertion, received the impression which dictated them, when returning home from witnessing the solemn scene of a mother's dissolution, and passing the village church, in a stormy evening, when, according to custom, the bell was announcing the tidings, and tolling the age of the deceased.

.....  
WHAT solemn sound assails my ear! Alas,  
'Tis yonder bell! death's certain messenger,  
Whose mournful peals, through evening's gloomy shades,  
Through hollow winds and falling snow, with slow  
And awful undulation loud proclaim  
Her spirit fled! I count the solemn notes.—  
Her age was sixty-six. Methinks I see  
A widowed consort, who had shared with her  
The joys and toils of life, whose swelling eye  
Had watched her parting breath, and seen the lamp  
Of life expire, in silent agony  
Stand bending o'er the recent trophy of  
Relentless death. He saw all earthly joys  
With her expire. His mind oppressed with grief,  
Almost devoid of reason's balance, flies  
To youthful scenes, where love and friendship smiled,  
When golden prospects ushered in the bright  
Connubial morn, and painted future years  
In glowing charms. Imagination strives  
To hold him there, while he recounts those scenes  
As slowly as they passed. In vain he strives  
To linger on the golden years, and live  
Them o'er again. He's hurried swiftly back,  
To realize what grief had painted like  
A dream. A retrospect affording no  
Relief, he looks before him, down the vale  
Of his declining years. "All dreary, dark  
And comfortless." Himself alone, upon  
Eternity's sublime and awful verge,  
Encountering storms and billows on the sea  
Of life, which nature raises towards her close,

To dash the shattered barques of age, upon  
The rocks of death. He sees the future veiled  
In clouds more dark and dismal than the past.

From the sad scene he turns his streaming eyes,  
(Grown dim with age,) to friends, to relatives,  
To children, weeping for their loss, and in  
Expressive, agonizing silence, seems  
To claim relief from them. He sees them bathed  
In tears, which flow from hearts deep wounded as  
His own. On every side, the flaming sword  
Of piercing grief points to his heart. He seems  
Affliction's prey, the victim of despair.  
The world is clothed in gloom; o'er nature's vast  
Expanse, no ray of hope shoots from the dark  
Abyss of woe, to soothe and calm his mind.  
His bleeding heart no consolation finds.  
His soul in sorrow's deepest shades involved,  
And weary of a world of tears and woe,  
With joy would leave its load of cumbrous clay,  
And, with its kindred soul, the dreadful gulph  
Of nature's dissolution pass. Reason  
Returns, and brings reflection to his mind.  
He views the hand which smote, and he adores.  
All calm and tranquil he surveys the wreck  
Which death has made of worldly happiness;  
And while he views the ruins of his last  
Remaining earthly hope, religion points  
To that great source where all perfection dwells.  
He sees the fulness of his FATHER's grace;  
He sees the tokens of his FATHER's love;  
And, soaring far above this empty world,  
He humbly casts his burthen on his GOD,  
And solid consolation finds

PHILOS.

### MARY.

NO more does the song give delight,  
Ah! no more does the dance on the green;  
For Mary who gladden'd each sight,  
Is no more on these plains to be seen.

Her presence divine does no more  
Add a charm to each streamlet and grove;  
O who will her image restore,  
When again Larga's vale will she rove?

The queen of the valley was she,  
How the Sylphs hover'd round when she smiled,  
Her converse delighted. Ah me!  
Like enchantment the moments beguiled.

O return, and the meadows will smile,  
Then the rose-bud will shed its perfume;  
The Swains will with joy leap the while,  
And gay Phœbus again will illumine.

For thou art the joy of each heart,  
The delight of each nymph and each swain;  
Thy presence will transport impart,  
Joy shall bound, and evanish will pain.

## Mortality.

.....  
THE life of man is the incessant walk of  
time, wherein every moment is a step towards  
death; and since no one can be happy in this  
life who is afraid to die, it ought to be our  
principal care to overcome the fear of death.  
Then, lest death should seem more terrible to  
us than indeed it is, we should live in daily ex-  
pectation of it: for it were madness to think  
we shall never arrive at that to which we are  
every moment hastening. It was Plato's opi-  
nion, that "the wise man's life is the meditation  
of death." To expect it, is to give the blow  
a meeting, and thus break the stroke; not to  
expect it is stupidity. Let us grow to be ac-  
quainted with death, by considering what it is,  
and certainly, well looked into, it is rather love-  
ly, than frightful; it is fancy which gives it  
those hideous forms in which it generally ap-  
pears to men. It is a soft and easy nothing;  
the cessation of life's functions, action's absence,  
and nature's smooth repose.—What is there  
that in death is terrible, more than our unwill-  
ingness to die? Why should I be angry when  
my Prince repeals my banishment, and admits

me home to my country, Heaven? Death  
frees us from the scorns of life, the malice and  
the blows of fate, and puts us in a condition  
to become invulnerable. It mounts us up be-  
yond the wiles and reach of this unworthy world.  
It lays us in the rank with kings, and lifts us  
up to Deity. I will therefore endeavour to  
be prepared for death. The way to die un-  
dauntedly is to do that before we die, which  
we ought to do when dying. He is a happy  
man who so lives as that death at all times may  
find him at leisure to die; and if we consider  
that we are always in God's hand, that our lease  
is only during pleasure, and that we are ob-  
liged once to die, we must be fools to struggle  
where we can neither conquer nor defend.

## Anecdotes.

### EFFECTS OF MARTIAL MUSIC.

A species of martial music called *Pibroch*,  
rouses the native Highlander as the sound of a  
trumpet does the war-horse, and produces ef-  
fects little less marvellous than those recorded  
of the ancient music. At the battle of Quebec,  
in April 1758, while the British troops were  
retreating in great confusion, a general com-  
plained to an officer of Frazer's regiment of the  
bad behaviour of his corps; "Sir," answered  
he, with some warmth, "you did wrong in for-  
bidding the pipes to play this morning; nothing  
encourages the Highlanders so much in a day  
of battle. Even now they would be of use."  
—"Let them blow like the devil then," repli-  
ed the general, "if it will bring back the men!"  
The pipes were then ordered to play a favour-  
ite martial air, when the Highlanders instantly  
returned, and formed with alacrity in the rear.

In the last war in India, Sir Eyre Coote, af-  
ter the battle of Porto Nuovo, aware of the  
strong attachment of the Highlanders to their  
ancient music, expressed his applause of their  
behaviour on that day by giving them fifty  
pounds to buy a pair of bagpipes.

Erasmus relates the following anecdote;—  
Maccus a famous cheat, came into the shop of  
a shoemaker at Leyden, and saluted him; cast-  
ing his eyes upon a pair of boots that hung up,  
the shoemaker asked him if he would buy  
them: The other seemed willing: they were  
taken down, drawn on, and fitted him very  
well: "Now," said he, "how well would a pair  
of double-soled shoes fit these boots!" They  
were found and fitted to his feet upon the boots.  
"Now," said Muccus, "tell me true, doth it  
never so fall out, that such as you have so  
fitted for a race, as you have now done me, run  
away without paying?" "Never," said the  
other. "But," said he, "if it would be so, what  
would you then do?" "I would follow him,"  
said the shoemaker. "Well," said Muccus,  
"I will try," and thereupon began to run:  
the shoemaker immediately followed, crying,  
"Stop thief, stop thief!" At which the citi-  
zens came out of their houses: but Muccus  
laughing, "Let no man," said he, "hinder our  
race, for we run for a cup of ale." Whereupon  
all set themselves quiet spectators of the course,  
till Muccus had quite run away; and the poor  
shoemaker returned sweating, and out of breath,  
and declared how he had been dealt with.

PRINTED BY

JAMES ORAM,

NO. 241, PEARL-STREET.